

THE BASSET HOUND

April 1, 1998
Volume 71, # 18

Weak Lies Beaten Dead Since Last Tuesday

NEWS

SGA Secret Police Uncovered

p. 3

OPINION

Stopping atrocities towards tulips

p. 4

FEATURES

Reviewer offers in-depth insight on future prospects of new band

p. 6

SPORTS

Beer Pong team season preview

Back Page

Greyhound staff arrested after five-hour standoff Newspaper editors linked to dumpster fire, other mishaps

by Amanda Hugginkiss
Staff Writer

The editorial staff of *The Greyhound* was arrested last Wednesday after a tiring five-hour standoff with campus police. Apparently, police had linked the 13-member group to several incidents which have plagued the construction on Wynnewood's West Tower. When the group was sought for questioning about their role in the incidents, the staff locked themselves in their office, threatening dire action if anyone tried to arrest them.

"We were really scared at first. All we were trying to do was ask these kids what their connection was to these accidents. We never expected something of this magnitude," said a campus police spokesperson after the ordeal had ended.

Nobody was hurt when campus police entered the building and carted the staff, including chief editors Tom Panarese and Elizabeth Walker, but many were shocked. A *Greyhound* staff writer who had witnessed the events of the afternoon commented, "I knew that they were upset about losing their office, but I never thought it would come to this."

Losing their office, according to campus police, was key to the investigation which had been taking place since the beginning of the semester. Construction on Wynne-



Loyola police officer Steve Konarski handcuffs *Greyhound* editor Elizabeth Walker after she and her staff surrendered, ending a five-hour standoff.

Photo by Ima Hack

wood Towers was altered this past winter when a flaw in the architectural schematics of the College Center West plans mandated that *The Greyhound* be moved out of Wynnewood East, where it currently presides, at the end of the school year. The staff editorial in the semester's first issue questioned Loyola's decisions and subtly suggested that the staff was fed up with being shuffled around so inconsid-

erately.

After the publication of the January 28 *Greyhound*, construction workers who had begun working on the west half of Wynnewood over the semester break reported several tools missing from their tool boxes, as well as stolen lunches and other various items. Campus police said that they did not have any reason to suspect *The Greyhound* at that time. A complaint

was a complaint and did not mean that the staff was necessarily going to take action.

However, if police did want to suspect the editorial staff, they did have a motive. Several weeks later, on March 14, a fire engulfed a dumpster outside of Wynnewood Towers. As reported in last week's issue of *The Greyhound*, no malicious intent was suspected by cam-

continued on p. 3

Several suffer food poisoning, Marriott believed responsible Scheye, others rushed to hospital after eating tainted cajun chicken



Loyola provost Dr. Thomas Scheye reacts to a bite of a Marriott cajun chicken sandwich.. He was rushed to the hospital almost immediately after this photo was taken.

photo by Ima Hack

by I. P. Daylee
Staff Writer

In a series of what Baltimore City police are calling "really gross" reactions to certain Marriott foods, two more victims this week have fallen prey to the Sacred Grounds Cajun Chicken sandwiches.

Provost Thomas Scheye was at a faculty picnic last Thursday when the sandwich attacked him. After returning from his hospitalization, he claimed, "I wanted my sandwich without those stupid spices. I just wanted a plain chicken with lettuce and tomato. And I waited my allotted two hours for it, and when they finally called my number (it felt like the lottery!) I ran up, and there it was — complete with cheese and spices. But, instead of waiting, I figured, 'Let me not make a fuss' and took my sandwich outside with some friends. Then I took a bite. Oooh! I knew the spices were bad, but I felt as if someone shot a bullet straight through my mouth and down my throat. Someone gave me a hot dog to mask the mess in my mouth, but when I tried to hold onto it, I fell to

the ground. Someone yelled "911!" and then everything went dark, and the next thing I know I'm at the hospital."

The other victim this week was Fine Arts Professor James Dockery who decided to "give the sandwich a whirl." He, unlike Scheye, ordered the sandwich in its natural state. "I took a bite and suddenly I feel like dancing. So there I am, eating my sandwich singing 'Fame! I'm gonna live forever! Light up the sky like a flame! Fame!' when something didn't feel right. I went through the prop closet, and found this big dress, er, smock, rather, and I put it on, and started singing 'Fame' again and next thing I knew it was seven hours later and I awoke at Shepherd Pratt. Do you have any idea how much explaining I had to do?"

These two cases follow the recent problems Marriott has been having with Sacred Grounds food. The Cajun Chicken sandwiches last week sent 14 students to Mercy, who yesterday were transferred to what are now being called, "The Cajun Beds," namely beds set up

in the McGuire Mess. The College has asked Marriott to remove the sandwich from the menu at Sacred Grounds, but they have yet to do so, claiming, "Sit, down, hon, we're taking care of it."

Many actually agree with Loyola on this one. Kate Austin, '00, (look Kate, I got your name in!) moaned, "First I don't make the lacrosse team, then I get written up in Charleston, and now I might die if I go to Sacred Grounds." Kate might be a little extreme, but really, a semi-hospital devoted to just one sandwich?

Some students, though, aren't in favor of the removal. Miguel Karle '00 complained, "People know what they are getting into when they order it. Hell, it says 'Cajun.' Cajun, people. Some people can handle the spices, but if you aren't up to it, don't ruin the Mardi Gras for all of us."

Loyola Dining Services had no direct comment, but did say in a press release earlier this week that they will launch an investigation in order to discover the cause behind the problem.

NEWS

*Hot Greyhound staffers ready to talk to you ...***Editor Elizabeth Walker**

Position: Sprawled Out

Major:

Hobbies: Cleaning *The Greyhound* office, keeping her residents in line, meeting men at strange hours in the conference room

Turn Ons: men with low tolerances, copy editing

Turn Offs: sobriety, bad grammar, smart-ass remarks from *Greyhound* editors, whining administrators

Goals in Life: to keep office running smoothly, even after it's demolished, to be first to christen new office

Favorite Quote: "I'm not gonna ask you twice!"

**Editor Tom Panarese**Position: nowhere in the vicinity of *The Greyhound* office

Major: slacker and alcoholic

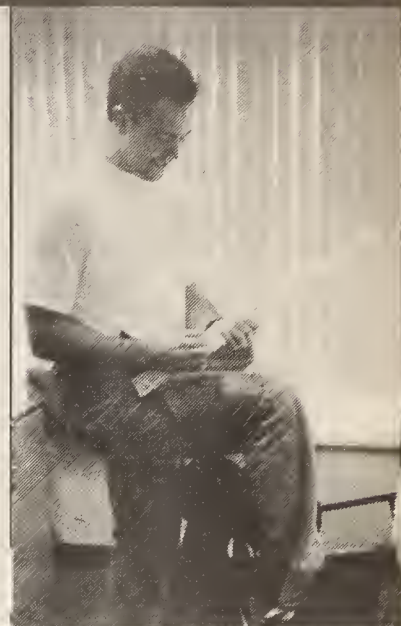
Hobbies: bitching, timing the travel between Loyola and UVA as often as possible, bitching, mocking administrators, bitching ...

Turn Ons: Guilford desk assistants, Marriott employees, Kathy Bates look-alikes

Turn Offs: *Southpark* character imitations, women

Goals in Life: to step on as many toes at Loyola as possible, especially Marriott's

Favorite Quote: Umm ... I'm not going to be here this weekend.

**Sports Editor Paul Ruppel**

Position: 69

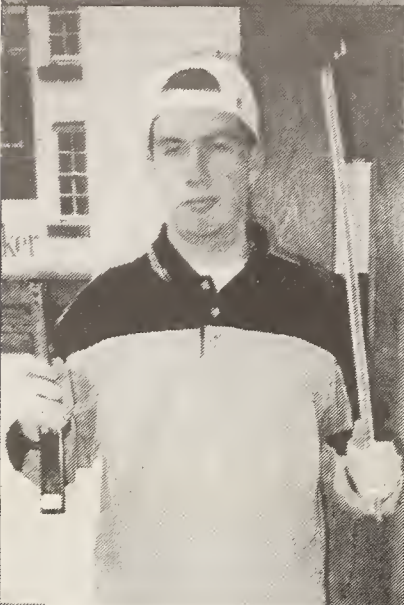
Major: pimping

Hobbies: collecting notches in his bedpost, watching *Jerry Springer*

Turn Ons: little boys rolled in peanut butter, Mike Perone, pink flamingo boxers, the New Kids on the Block

Turn Offs: anything purple, *Baywatch*, the sports sections of newspapersGoals in Life: to be Editor-In-Chief of *The Greyhound*

Favorite Quote: Who's your daddy?

**News Editor Jackie Durett**

Position: left field

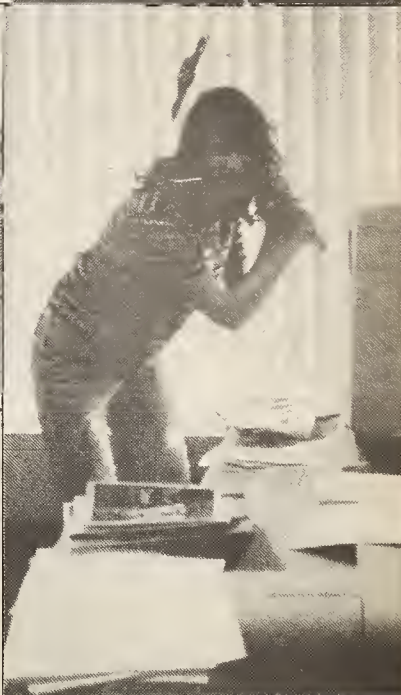
Major: overachiever

Hobbies: late night bus rides through the deep south, finding new uses for men's ties, finding new "issues" living in W603, airing her dirty laundry

Turn Ons: men travelling alone on Southwest Airlines, Florida Publix workers

Turn Offs: finishing early, having her name spelled wrong in *The Greyhound* staff box every weekGoals in Life: to spell Tom Panarese's name wrong in *The Greyhound* every week

Favorite Quote: You guys think you're so high and mighty because you're so ... high and mighty.

**Assistant Features Editor Jen Wylegala**

Position: anything for \$20

Majors: sure. She'll also date captains, generals and sailors. Especially sailors.

Hobbies: go-go dancing, porn modeling, raisin' the roof

Turn Ons: whipped cream, various spaghetti sauce flavors

Turn Offs: salad dressing

Goals in Life: to take over *The Greyhound*

Favorite Quote: Okay, but it won't come cheap.

**Sports Editor Christine Montemurro**

Position: on a bar stool at Gator's

Major: pain in the ass

Hobbies: copying and pasting in WordPerfect, pursuing men in random chat rooms

Turn Ons: men who live in Albany, fake IDs, Dan Newell

Turn Offs: English writers, Mike Perone

Goals in Life: to pay off tab at various York Road bars

Favorite Quote: Take me drunk, I'm home.

**Features Editor Mike Perone**

Position: usually likes to be on top

Major: ego problem

Hobbies: experimenting with whipped cream and chocolate sauce on lonely nights with nothing but Debbie Gibsons' *Out of the Blue* tape for comfortTurn Ons: the smell of leather, *Sweatin' to the Oldies* Volume III, barnyard animals

Turn Offs: short, annoying and nosy little trolls

Goals in Life: to live up to the lengths of Dirk Digler from *Boogie Nights*

Favorite Quote: You know that we are living in a material world and I am a material girl

**Opinion Editor Emily Stewart**

Position: first base

Major: drink mixing

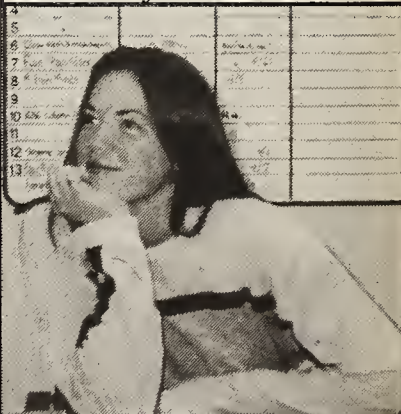
Hobbies: bean bag and table dancing, inviting cabbies up for a few beers

Turn Ons: men who sip orange juice and rum in the nude, drunk newspaper editors (until she's sober)

Turn Offs: sober newspaper editors

Goals in Life: to star in *Showgirls 2*

Favorite Quote: shoot for your dreams, but a few beers on the way couldn't hurt

**Photography Editor Mandy Serra**

Position: on the run

Major: avoidance

Hobbies: commuting, spending long hours in dark rooms by herself

Turn Ons: Honors guys, taking lacrosse photos, checking VoiceMail

Turn Offs: *Greyhound* staff meetings and editorsGoals in Life: to spend the least possible amount of time in *The Greyhound* office

Favorite Quote: It's so much better in the dark!

**Assistant News Editor Debbie Kunder**

Position: three o'clock

Major: kleptomania

Hobbies: collecting Batman and Robin underwear

Turn Ons: shrimp rolls

Turns Offs: vertically challenged men

Goals in Life: to be curator for the WWF

Favorite Quote: Pick it, lick it, stick it, flick it!

NEWS

SGA-sanctioned secret police uncovered

by Eileen Dover
Staff Reporter

"They came to my dorm room my freshman year," said Ben Kott '98, "and told me that if I didn't join them, I'd never get on-campus parking for as long as I was at Loyola. What choice did I have?"

Kott is just one of dozens of Loyola students who have been forcibly initiated into the SGA Secret Service (SSS). In a stunning feat of investigative reporting, *The Greyhound* has discovered this highly secret, undercover organization which apparently provides the SGA with the necessary intimidation and coercion to lure hapless students to its on-campus events.

"When we would realize certain students weren't becoming involved, or weren't going to concerts or the movie series, we'd go to their rooms and do all kinds of things to encourage them to never miss an event again," said Kott.

It is now believed that the SSS is responsible for several acts of random vandalism in Butler and Hammerman Halls, as well as the consistently broken elevators in Wynnewood Towers.

"We'd cram as many freshmen as possible into the elevators and make them jump up and down," admitted Kott. "It's amazing what the threat of a Backstreet Boyz concert can make people do."

Suspicious immediately rose concerning the involvement of SGA president Sergio Vitale '98 and Social Vice President Larry Noto '98. According to anonymous SSS members, Vitale and Noto consistently used the SSS for their own personal gain. For example, whenever either senior needed a date for a formal occasion, the SSS was called into action.

Although he admits he and his cohorts did commit acts of vandalism, blackmail and outright bribery, Kott insisted they are innocent of any wrongdoing.

"We were just following orders," he tearfully protested. "What were we supposed to say? We couldn't say no to the big bosses!"

Vitale and Noto were immediately taken into custody by Campus Police, and are awaiting their Peer Judicial Hearings. As to the origins of the SSS, it remains unclear. Although evidence points to past SGA officials making similar use of such strongarm tactics, Noto declares his group of vigilantes organized under his rules and according to his every whim.

"You don't know who you're messing with!" he yelled defiantly as Campus Police led him out of his secret office in the basement of Guilford Towers. "I know people! I'm calling Jerry Springer!"

Panarese, Walker, editorial staff arrested for sabotage

continued from front page

pus Police or Baltimore City Police.

"Whatever they were doing, they were covering their tracks well," said a campus police spokesperson. "In fact, if it were not for the water main incident, we would have completely overlooked them." The incident he speaks of occurred on March 24, when a Wynnewood resident assistant spotted *Greyhound* features editor Mike Perone stealing a fire extinguisher, which police then believe he used to break a water main pipe in the building's basement. The ensuing flood set construction back a few days and caused Wynnewood's water to be shut off for an entire day, much to the shock of its residents.

On March 25, as the staff conducted its weekly behind closed doors meeting, a campus police officer knocked on the door and demanded that he speak to Perone, saying they had reason to believe he was connected to the construction troubles and had a warrant for questioning. Panarese and Walker refused to allow entry and instructed their staff to stay in the office, reportedly saying, "We'll wait these bastards out."

What ensued was five hours of several campus police officers surrounding the *Greyhound* offices and pleading with the staff to come clean for their crimes and surrender themselves. The staff's only response was a list of demands which included several sandwiches from the Garden Gourmet, complete and total access to Special Events golf carts for distribution, and the opportunity to plea bargain for a lesser sentence if they confessed to the construction sabotage.

Police psychologist and reknowned hostage negotiator I. M. Aquack spoke directly to both Panarese and Walker throughout the whole crisis. "Apparently, they believe that they did no wrong and did not want to have to be dragged through the mud by

their peers and the administration," he said. "This happens often when dealing with suspects. They become very paranoid and take unnecessary drastic action with hopes that they will draw sympathy from those around them. Unfortunately, this incident will probably hurt more than it helps."

The Center for Values and Service's Beans and Bread program as well as the Student Government Association provided hot coffee and sandwiches to officers involved in the standoff. "Although we realize that justice has been served, our prayers go out to *The Greyhound* staff. Their sins will be forgiven, just as construction will proceed as scheduled," said a Beans and Bread spokesperson.

The standoff ended at 7 p.m. when campus police acknowledged Panarese's desire to cop a plea and the newspaper office doors were opened. Panarese, Walker, and the other 11 members were arrested and held in custody downtown, where they have remained since the incident. The staff is being kept on a 24-hour suicide watch. Aquack, who handled the staff's psychological profiles, noted that "We really have a powderkeg that is about to explode. One false move and we could be dealing with a few fatalities among *The Greyhound* staff."

Panarese and Walker released the following statement with regard to their actions: "We do not regret what we have done. We are proud that we have taken action to stem the destruction of our office. It is our home, just as a dorm room is to a student. The actions taken by Loyola in evicting us are inconsiderate and we demanded justice. Therefore, we sought justice out."

Baltimore and Loyola police had no comment on the statement. *The Greyhound* staff will be arraigned Monday.

SGA
Secret
Service

S G A
'97-'98

Hey Students--

Recruitment Seminar to be held in quad on April 4. All who attend receive free key chains. All who do not will be subject to punishment.

Junior Prom:
April 3, 1998
"Glory Days"

YOU'VE TOLD HER TO STOP CURSING A MILLION TIMES. NOW YOU'RE READY FOR STEP TWO.

If you're trying in vain to help someone with Turret's syndrome, let us help you. We are the Center for Turret's at Loyola College. The area's most complete and specialized program for people suffering from all stages of cursing, screaming, and violent outbursts. Our professionals have successfully treated thousands of people who, quite frankly, sounded like truck drivers before someone like you called us. Our number is 410-617-2867. Call us. We can help.

Loyola College in Maryland

Center for Turret's Syndrome

THE BASSET HOUND

Bitching, whining,
moaning and complaining

Head Spice

AND

Top Spice

- EDITORS -

Letter from Loyola College Jail

So here we sit, chained to our benches and on suicide watch, left with nothing but our thoughts on the being-thrown-out-of-our-office issue.

We are not going to apologize for our actions, for we feel we are fully justified. We are the voice of the students, and lately, students have been fed up with all the construction inconveniences, mostly with the fact that once again, *The Greyhound* is being booted out of its office. How many times is this going to happen in the college life span of a newspaper editor?

We decided to show our support for the student body by committing the crimes for which we now stand trial. In response, the student body has shown its support for us by petitioning not only for our acquittal but for the reinstatement of our beloved office in Wynnewood East.

We extend our thanks to those students who have endangered themselves in order to show their support for our cause. We ask them to continue their vigil, but not silently--although *The Greyhound* may be stopped, the voice of the students will go on forever.

OPINION

New organization rallies for support to stop tulip slaughter

Well, it's spring again, and I for one could not be happier. There is so much life on Loyola's campus when spring comes around, and I

Flopsy Candee

Staff Writer

think that the spell of warm weather we have been having has shown that. Last week, as temperatures soared about 80 degrees, students were out and about in the quad to soak in the sun.

Even I was there, diligently reading Chaucer, and I can tell you that nothing feels better than to have the sun glowing down upon you while you are indulging in great literature.

There were many, many people who felt the same way as I did. As I looked around the quad to see my peers enjoying the sun, I saw some sitting in a circle and enjoying pleasant conversation, others laying out on the lawn and catching up on some lost sleep. Hell, I even saw some who were playing a little frisbee. But what stuck out the most was the tulips that were beginning to blossom in the flower boxes.

Now, because there were flowers blooming, I should have been happy. But I wasn't. I knew, as well as some others, that within a month, after those tulips have been given the time to grow and bloom, they will be savagely cut down by students, administrators and staff.

Yes, spring is here, and with it is the annual slaughter of the tulips.

I have watched this ritual take place at Loyola for three years, and I have to say that I don't think that I can take it any more. After all, who are we to just pick flowers that aren't really given the opportunity to go through their whole life-cycle?

Well, I called several members of Loyola's administration, hop-

other softball game, decided to take a little stroll by Cohn Hall's Center for Values and Service on our way back to Guilford. We all thought that they would definitely be the place to start if we were going to create an organization dedicated to saving the tulips each spring. Calling ourselves the "Evergreens for Tulips," we talked to one of the Center's directors, explaining our position and asking for support.

She looked at us as if we had several heads. Apparently, the Center for Values and Service only cares for fauna, not flora.

But we

I was shocked by the administration's apparent lack of compassion for the tulips. After all, tulips are organisms much like humans, and we spend so much time arguing for the rights of humans and animals ... clipping the tulips on our campus like we do every year is a violation of their rights.

ing to find some justification to the slaughter of the tulips every year, but the best I could get was: "Why don't you ask ..." or "Who really cares? I don't know how it started, and they are going to die anyway. Why can't we enjoy picking them?"

I was shocked by the administration's apparent lack of compassion for the tulips. After all, tulips are organisms much like humans, and we spend so much time arguing for the rights of humans and animals; well, there are rights for tulips, too, and clipping the tulips on our campus like we do every year is a violation of their rights.

Now, instead of whining, like I usually do, I decided to do something for a change. A few of my friends and I, after losing yet an-

weren't discouraged by this apparent indifference. We have spent the last few days rallying for new members and now our numbers amount to more than 30. Many students on Loyola's campus care about the slaughtering of these innocent tulips. After all, it is not right to cut off a life before it has had a chance to fully develop. Picking tulips, even though they are blooming with beautiful reds, oranges, yellows, and purples, is a grossly immoral action, and we cannot believe that an institution founded on the principles "Strong Truths Well Lived" and "For the Greater Glory of God" would be so cruel, so vicious, so vile.

Word of these horrors will obviously spread. We have already planned to form a human chain around every tulip bed on campus when the day to pick them arrives, and we are gathering together people for rallies and other protest functions. You may see us putting a sign or two up about lectures were are sponsoring for tulip-supporting feminists or how we, as Christians, can make sure that the world is safe for all of God's lovely creatures, including tulips. We are devising ways to demonstrate to the Loyola community how many tulips are done-in each year. A field of cardboard tulips will be in the quad on April 15 to symbolize the casualties suffered each spring.

Loyola's tulip policies are part of a vicious cycle. We realize that people have a choice as to whether or not they want to kill the tulips, but while keeping an open mind, we must also keep in mind as to the consequences of our actions. Sure, you have a choice, but should the choice to terminate a tulip be a choice at all?

Please, join us. Help us stop those who show no regard for life. Help us save the tulips this spring. You will know what it is like to take the correct, moral action when you help us with our cause and you will be able to make Loyola a kinder place. We will not rest until we stop every tulip from being slaughtered.

THE BASSET HOUND

News

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Quiet Spice

Assistant Editor

Opinion

Repressed Spice

Editor

Features

Twisted Spice

Editor

Silly Spice

Flirty Spice

Assistant Editors

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Intoxicated Spice

Jock Spice

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Flashy Spice

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Stunts

Daring Spice

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Crazy Spice

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Costumes

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The Basset Hound is published weekly during the school year by the students of Loyola College. The writing, layout, photography and format are the responsibility of the Editorial Board and represent the exact opposite of the views of the administration, faculty or students of the College whenever possible and as extremely as possible. Signed columns represent the opinions of the authors and reflect the general sentiments of the paper. Complaints can be registered with our NRA faction at 1-800-BIG GUNS. So shut up and read!

OPINION

Students urged to take advantage of new major

Are you really tired of not getting the classes you want? Sure you are. (Don't worry, so am I.) That's why the Writing and Media department has opened a new department called Life Department. Well, if you're like me, who doesn't really want to

Jelly Shooter

Staff Writer

do much but watch *The Simpsons* reruns while eating bon-bons all day for the rest of her life, you'll be as relieved as I was when I heard about this new major. Now, I was supposed to write my opinion somewhere in here, but there is way too much bitching about "facts" in articles in the paper, so I kind of neglected my opinion amongst all these juicy facts. Besides, I was hung over when I wrote this, so I didn't want to do more than I had to.

An underpaid professor for the W&M circus who wished to remain anonymous commented, "We know that students here will simply *never get jobs*. Now let's talk about this. You're a student. More than likely you have a writing major because, hey, writing's not hard, and you think it looks really good on a resume, which, by the way, it doesn't. Anyway, I was interrupting someone's conference with another teacher to tell them about this great idea I had — a "Life" major. Kids don't get jobs not because they don't want them; it's that they don't have the right skills. Look at your resume. Does it say, "Yes I can write a check" or "I can weave that basket for you"? You know what? It doesn't. So in short, having a Life major will take care of that.

Life classes can be taken by anyone — as part of a major, as part of a minor, or as a way to try to get credit for the Bio class you failed first semester freshman year because that woman was simply out to get you all along. I mean, are forged doctor's notes really that bad? (At least *mine* had a *real* doctor's name.)

So I guess you're wondering what the Life classes are or else you wouldn't be reading this far or else you were hoping I was gonna put my number somewhere in this article because you think I'm really cute.

Well, from what she told me, it's something like LF 101: The Microwave — Popcorn Friend or Foe; LF 103: Pine Sol and Pansies — Why It's Cool to be a Man Who Cleans; LF 203: You Can Only Bounce So Many Checks until Nations Bank Deposits You to a Prison in a Third World

Country. There's more, but if you're reading this article, than chances are you're literate and you can read the coursebook as well as I can. Bear with me, okay? the Around the World last night kinda did me in and this paper is lucky they're getting anything at all from me. I mean, yeah, it was fun, but my boy-of-the-week wasn't there. Oh, well.

Furthermore, the Life Department has more sections of these classes than the Music department has of all those "Applied Music" sections. Has anyone ever really paid attention to that? Go get a schedule book. Look at the Music section. The whole damned school could take a music class and you know what? They don't. So I really don't think all those sections are really necessary when none of my friends can get into Creative Eye as seniors.

So, she says that when you have this Life major you'll have a "better shot at working than a business major, who probably have the best chances of ever doing something."

The Life major will be available next semester, and if you have a schedule like mine, you'll be at the hell known as Drop/Add anyhow and it really won't require you to go out of your way.

In a related issue, (and I put these together because I was supposed to write two articles this week, but I'm not sure my editor was aware that there was an Around the World last night), there is a petition going around to do away with our current housing system. I mean, it really sucks. The petition is to get the park across the street from Wynnewood (I don't know what it's called, but if I say "The Park Across The Street From Wynnewood," you'll know what I mean) as a campground for housing. Instead of these mice-infested, what-happened-to-the-dishwasher-that-used-to-be-here, cloudy-watered, fire-alarm-at-three-in-the-morning-when-I-have-a-chem-test-the-next-day hellholes that currently exist, The "Loyola Campground" will be sponsored by our local York Road establishments. Kelly O'Connor, bartender, said, (and I really hope I got this right; I mean, it's been one hell of a weekend) "Two good things about this — less money on housing, more money for us, and two, do you really want to get on a top bunk after five hours of Tequila shots? Hell, no."

So the petition will be sent to Student Life next week, with a rally-on-the-quad to be announced. We will bring candles and sing a new version of "Homeward Bound" to be released on the Loyola webpage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Yet another letter on the sex seminar

Editor:

The Human Sexuality Seminar in 1994 was not a setting where people were aroused. I happen to know for a fact since I was there, and was quite dissatisfied with the lack of pornography. C'mon guys, show me the cleavage! Given the fact that the word "sexuality" is in the title, one would think sex was involved, but I did not witness any live females copulating, and I want my money back.

I appreciated the visual aids and instruments utilized in illustrating the seminar, but I was expecting more of a hands-on experience, if you catch my drift. In fact, after being thoroughly bored with the scientific jargon assaulting my ears, I checked the labels on the videocassettes playing throughout, after the lecture concluded, and was shocked of the obvious absence of any MPAA rating. How was I to distinguish between "R" and "X" rated material? You can imagine my dilemma, not wishing to squander time watching some tame, mindnumbing "R" flick.

A few students have argued for spiritual counseling over this situation and I agree wholeheartedly, but they forgot to add spiritual groping, fondling, and frisking to the menu. Surely, an unaroused soul is a wasted one.

Additionally, homosexual acts are completely distorted in my mind and other Catholics, and if the Jesuits say so too, hell! It's *gotta* be right! After all, unwed, coupleless religious figures are the best sources for preaching sex laws.

We must learn to love the gays' sins but hate these sinners themselves. I mean *really* hate; I'm talking whips and chains here. Maybe even a little "Cool Whip" action -- Wait, I've said too much....

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blibby-blah blah.

Sexuality is an unfortunately a contagious plague sweeping college campuses, and student bodies (mostly, the curvy, hourglass-shaped ones, mmmmmmmmm.....) have been unfairly subjected and enslaved to earthly carnal acts of lust and desire for the past 90 years. I feel these teenagers' pains (and yelps of passion for that matter), for if there is one thing God does *not* want, it is for humans to have sex.

I mean, just look at Adam and Eve. Once they realized they were both naked and had the hots for each other, BOOM!!! Sin and death to all of humankind. Thanks a lot Adam, but no thanks.

As for me, and I wish this lifestyle on you as well, I shall not weakly succumb to such disgusting and animalistic ways in the bedroom, but rather, I will discover new heights of pleasuring myself on my own time. I will, however, be forced to find a different college with other sex seminars ... preferably ones with the Pamela Lee tape. Now, *that's* learnin'.

Bryan Saber '99

Student voices concerns over housing

Editor:

Okay, guys. Now, personally, I don't read this paper very often, but my roommate writes for it and she always complains that "You never read the paper, Laurie!" so I picked up the St. Patrick's Day version of the *The Greyhound* and what do I see? Ahern going to Notre Dame. Personally, I don't care, but it brought up a larger issue to me. Housing. Now, I don't care for the bulk of you on this campus, and I am quite fine to sit in my room and watch TGIF every Friday on ABC, but what am I supposed to do for housing? I propose that Loyola have singles. It's just not fair. Why do I need to live with any of you drunken, slobby messes? I'm clean, I'm neat, and I wake up at 6:30 in the morning most Saturdays to start my homework. I don't know any of you and I don't care. So why the hell can't we have singles so you all can leave me the hell alone? I'm here for an education, not to "hang out" with you emotional wrecks and perpetual slutcakes.

Furthermore, I have one other complaint. This construction deal. I have such an issue with this. What's up with this "no construction on Sundays" bit? I miss those guys when they aren't around. They aren't the pretentious, snobby spoiled brats that you all are. I think Loyola should employ a seven-day contract for them. Today's Sunday, and I am sad that they cannot come up for lunch.

Laurie D. Smith '01

Poor scheduling by popsicle people

Editor:

I am writing in disgust that once again, the annual Amateur Astrophysics Lecture is being offered at the same time as the visiting lecturer giving a talk entitled "Popsicles: Signs from Another World or Innocent and Refreshing Summer Treat?" As both are occurring at precisely 9:30 p.m. Friday, April 3. For once, my Friday night is booked solid. I cannot decide which to attend, and I am furious at the planners of these talks that they were not sensitive to the needs of the Loyola students like myself who may have wished to attend both. In the future, more consideration must be shown to all students when planning such events.

John Doe '98

Students lacking in alcohol proficiency

Editor:

In a recent survey, Loyola was rated as the number two drinking college in the nation. Though I was quite proud of our fine college's distinction (especially because my house, Smirinoffia House, was featured prominently), I was pained knowing Loyola was not number one in the nation.

Here's a plan: screw your calculus homework and say "yes" to Fell's on Monday. And say "yes" to York Road on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. And Friday. Hell, you probably won't get a job after college, so why make classes your first priority?

Jose Cuervo '00

Empty threat by panicked SSS

Editor:

Do not run that article. We know where you live.

The SSS

FEATURES

Loyola orgy breaks new ground in on-campus drama

New McHammus production offers 'what Catholics want'

by Hugh Jass

Special to *The Greyhound*

The theater world was shaken Friday evening when the Everpink Players unveiled their latest masterpiece at McHammus: *Loyola Orgy: J. Crew Screw*. If *Hair* set people's locks on end with nude scenes in the late 60s, these men took it one level further-- to the penthouse. Even Sultan of Sleaze Jerry Springer would turn "pink" with embarrassment once viewing the antics onstage during this melodrama, from Big Ego Productions.

The opening sequence begins innocently and predictably enough with a few construction workers waking Wynnewood residents up at 5 in the morning, but when one disgruntled student living on the floor immediately above organizes a group of L.A.W.G.s (Loyola Average White Guys), they storm the wrecking site with a list of demands. Obviously, some of these requests are sexual in nature, so the hard working, muscular crew and the L.A.W.G.s arrange a compromise: hence, the title of this stirring drama.

Consequently, the Greyhounds do it doggie style, the most shocking scene involving a backwards white cap, khaki pants, and a 2 x 4. Enjoying their settlement so much, the two groups decide to continue this activity every weekend until the construction ends in 2014.

Because the director, Ben

Dover, wished to accurately reflect Loyola's diverse student body, absolutely no minorities are represented in this cast.

"Hell," Dover said, "race would only complicate matters like in the real world anyway."

When asked if he thought the plot of this play was contradictory to Jesuit ideals, Todd Flanders, the star of the show, simply replied, "Jesuits, Shmesuits." Another cast member was heard to say, "Screw 'em."

And that's exactly what they're doing these weekends: "screwing" them to the tune of four sold-out shows.

"I guess Catholics are starved for sexual entertainment in Baltimore," noted Dover, "and we're giving them exactly what they want: HARD CORE PORN!!!"

Of course, it wouldn't be a Shakespearean tragedy without a little blood....oh wait, it *wasn't* a Shakespearean tragedy. Come to think of it, there wasn't any blood. I must be thinking of *Oedipus Rex*.



An actor from the Everpink Players' recent production of *Loyola Orgy: J Crew Screw*

Photo by Ima Hack

Nevermind.

Truly, these actors don't seem too concerned with the controversial message of their program. They feel it "brings (them) closer to God."

In fact, the Lord Himself came down and blessed the Everpink Players with flawless, inhuman performances. Not one cast member seemed confused or

forgot any lines. The sets were spectacular, the lighting was incredible, the directing was lavicious, and no matter how hard I tried, I could not find any single detail wrong with this production. The Everpink Players are sure to agree with me on this review since it is completely realistic and fair! So long Baltimore, 'cause these Gods of Modesty are Broadway-bound!

Well, OK, maybe I did exaggerate a tad, but I wouldn't want to make God angry now, would I?

**We need
a space
filler ...**

**Maybe we
can
convince
you to write
for us? It's
such a
waste of
space. We'll
pay you ...**

please?

Local band interview reveals unique priorities

Psychadelic group Toking Popes smokes audiences

by Homer Sexual

Staff Reporter

I was recently blessed with the esteemed honor of interviewing my favorite psychedelic band, The Toking Popes, in their smoke-filled trailer after their concert at the 8.5 x 11 on Saturday night. For the purpose of clarity, I have condensed each band member's answers to one unified whole, as if the entire band was speaking.

Q.: First of all, I'd like to thank you guys so much for this rare opportunity. I know how busy you must be.

A.: Whatever (coughs).

Q.: I hate to start off on a sour note, but what do you have to say to critics who feel you're simply swimming in the school of Phish, by ripping off their sound?

A.: We have no problem with that. In fact, we love Phish. We love to fry 'em, cook 'em, and

spork their groovy, Grateful Dead-wannabe brains out.

Q.: I'm glad to see you aren't bitter.

A.: Mmmmm....bitter fish.

Q.: What was the inspiration for your band's name?

A.: Excuse me for a second (lights up and puffs for a few moments). What was the question?

Q.: Never mind. You seemed to have inadvertently answered it.

A.: Whatever.

Q.: On the cover of your latest album, *High Times*, there is a picture of a sliced fish in a steaming pot that bears a striking resemblance to the band logo of the same name. Was this parody intentional?

A.: Listen, enough with the Phish comments already. The only thing we have in common with those dudes is swimming with the reefer

(chuckles).

Q.: Don't you mean reef?

A.: Reef rhymes with beef (blows smoke in my face).

Q.: Moving on (gags). You've been quite the infamous celebrity among parents of your fans. What

Q.: What was the inspiration for your band's name?

A.: Excuse me for a second (lights up and puffs for a few moments).

What was the question?

Q.: Never mind. You seemed to have inadvertently answered it.

A.: Whatever.

is your response to those who ban your music in local record stores?

A.: Records is dead, man.

Q.: No, I mean music stores.

A.: And what exactly *does* music store?

relief once all your hard work paid off?

A.: (munches) Wanna Twinkie?

Q.: No thanks. If you could please stick to the interview, sir.

A.: Woah! (jumps out of chair)

Q.: Forget it. Your single, "Humpin' It," was the first Toking Popes track to break the dance charts. What was your initial reaction to this crossover hit and why?

A.: Anyone have a Twinkie? I'm starved.

Q.: Um, your music is self-described as, "groovy, trippy, *Brady Bunch*-like magic." Have you always been fond of this beloved American sitcom?

A.: You talk too much, man (inhales once more).

Q.: What did it feel like to receive your first earnings from sales off your debut, *Let's Roll Another One*? Was it a

Since when did you have breasts, man?! That is like totally freaking me out right now!!

Q.: All guys have breasts.

A.: No, man. Not like Double Ds they don't. They're actually pretty cute. You working out?

Q.: (crossing arms over chest) If you could concentrate please, my readers would really be interested in hearing the history of your professional recording career.

A.: Lotsa words, man. Lotsa words. (sits back down in chair)

Q.: Oh, you feel your band focuses on the lyrics, and their hidden, deeper meanings?

A.: (passes out on floor)

Q.: Sir! Please wake up! (shakes body into consciousness)

A.: You're not Toto, man. Where's the Tin Man, man?

Q.: Do you feel you can continue this interview?

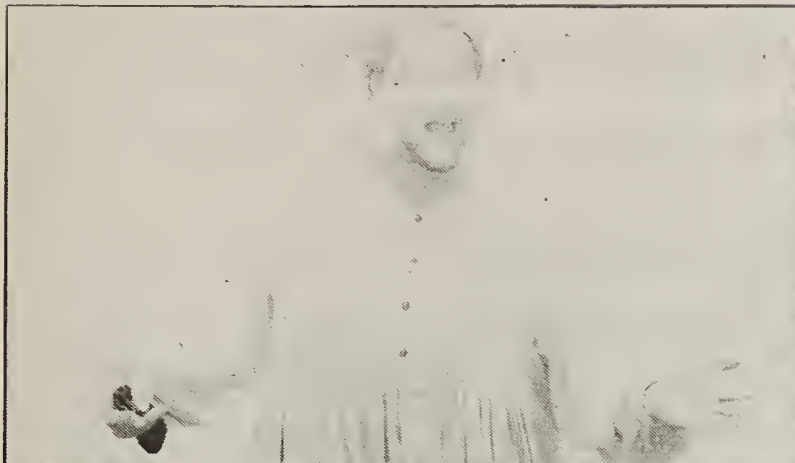
A.: What interview?

Q.: Exactly.

A.: Legalize it!

FEATURES

Around Loyola this week ... a 'Hound photo gallery



Loyola theater professor and Evergreen Players head James Dockery behaves erratically after being struck by food poisoning from tainted food. He was later treated and released from Shephard Pratt. *photo by Ima Schmuck*



Paramedics treat sick students after this week's food mishaps.

photo by Ima Hack



A freshman learned the hard way that Loyola strictly enforces parking. His car, shown above, was illegally parked near McManus Theater. Police dropped several tons worth of cinder blocks on the car and beat it with sledgehammers before giving the youth a ticket. He planned to appeal his punishment, but SSS officials have already "taken care of that.."

photo by Ima Hack

Come on, you know you want to. Oh, don't deny it baby, you love our hard-hitting ... news. *The Basset Hound.*

Rock the House releases *Fun With Anonymity*

by Haywood Jablowme
Staff Writer

Sucked.

Pagemaker: Features Editor from Hell II a cinematic triumph

by Al Caholic
Staff Writer

In brilliant performances by two up-and-coming porn stars turned legitimate actresses, *Pagemaker: Features Editor From Hell II* portrays the stunning story of two deranged assistant Features editors who kidnap and hold for ransom their boss, who happens to be the Features editor for their college newspaper, *The Lowdown*.

The movie opens innocently in the *Lowdown's* office. Geneva Longfellow, played by Joy Wylie, and Amber Hooties, played by Ivy Thomaso, who diligently work week after week in sweat shop conditions, are chained to the Features section's computers. While slaving away, laying out 12 pages of the worst crap imaginable, Longfellow and Hooties must endure never-ending torture of 1980's music. Though the stark white walls of *The Lowdown* office reminded me of an asylum, the eighties montage of Paula Abdul, Men at Work, and Debbie Gibson makes for a great soundtrack.

The movie's drama begins to climax when the devious Features editor, Montel Mofina, enters the office. Stroking his villainous goatee, Mofina, played by Dirk Donger, gives a compelling performance as the typical,

overbearing editor. Or maybe the "thinks he knows everything but doesn't" editor. Mofina attempts to take over Longfellow and Hootie's brilliant editing jobs. However, in a compelling scene with brilliant cinematography, Longfellow and Hootie grasp their roles to the fullest brilliance. They grab Mofina by the collar of his Pink Floyd t-shirt.

What horrendous wardrobe choices! Longfellow and Hooties violently drag Mofina into the depths of the newspaper building's basement, where evil hermits hold him hostage for the assistant editors. Great make-up work was done here, making the hermits look extremely gruesome!

The film ends on a sad note, as the audience sees Mofina being tortured by the hermits, who change: "Learn PageMaker! Learn how to type! Learn how to lay out the Features section!" These were the Features deeds which Mofina had never learned on his own.

The audience must wait for the sequel to this critically acclaimed film. It is tentatively titled *Captive of the Hermits: Features Editor from Hell III*. Mofina is held for a ransom of one billion dollars. Will anyone pay for his release? Only if the Pink Floyd t-shirt goes!

STUDY ASIA

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APRIL 1, 1998

New beer pong team ranked first in NCAA Division 1 *Team granted varsity status, slated to win finals in rookie year*

by **Stimpy Coolidge**
Staff Writer

It's official... the Loyola College Varsity Beer Pong teams will begin play in the fall of 1998. It has been a long time coming for the club team members, who have been practicing their favorite activity--drinking--on York Road and everywhere else for quite some time.

The men's and women's teams will each hold tryouts in late August. Once selected, they will play every weekend during the school year. Loyola teams will participate in major tournaments on Halloween and St. Patrick's Day, and hope to eventually make their way to Beirut for the International Beer Pong Championship.

Home matches will be held in the middle of York Road on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights. In order to avoid the wrath of neighboring communities, street lights will be replaced with black lights after 9 p.m., and noise will be drowned out with the help of Dave Matthews CDs playing over a state-of-the-art sound system.

Captains of the current Beer Pong club teams have hinted that they will keep their current team name, the Loyola "Funnels," rather than adopting the Greyhound mascot.

The club already practices at least five to six times a week, always competing until 2 a.m. before en-

durance training (running circles around Wynnewood, screaming at the top of their lungs, and setting fire to construction dumpsters) until five a.m.

USA Today and the NCAA Coaches Poll, in an unprecedented move, have Loyola as the first-ranked Division I beer pong program in the nation.

Junior co-captains Nathan "Natty" Boh and Miller "Milly" Lyte represent the top pairing for the men's squad. Lyte's freshman jersey currently hangs on the wall of Gator's, while Boh recently reached a milestone, nailing his 1,000th cup of beer.

Freshman stand-out Ying Ling of Philadelphia is expected to be one of the premier beer pongers in the sport. Already this season he hit 47 consecutive cups and can be found dominating the competition at Swallow's. His partner, international student Michael S. Hayes, is a formidable player on the Murphy's circuit.

Women's team captain Ann Heiser-Busch is expected to carry the load for the Lady Funnels. She's led the women's club team with 361 random hook-ups and taken in only 46 gallons of beer this season. In accordance with NCAA rules, she will show up in one cab with 15 of her closest friends before selecting a different male partner each night of competition.



Lady Funnels rejoice after another successful practice. They are now ready for their first match at York Road on Thursday.

photo by Ima Hack

According to NCAA officials, Loyola will be allowed to offer four full scholarships and eight half scholarships to recruits each year. Athletes who accept these will be automatically placed in the Speech Pathology major, to facilitate communication at the latter stages of the meets. Beer pong team members will have no classes before

three in the afternoon each day and will be exempt from all homework.

Potential sponsors for Loyola's newest varsity programs engaged in heavy competition to decide who would outfit the teams. J. Crew was able to stave off an impressive bid from the Abercrombie & Fitch Company, and will supply uniforms

to the Funnels. The men's team will wear sweat-stained, dirty hats, thermal fleece vests, and special Timberlands that allow for nimble movement on sticky floors. The women's team will be supplied with tight, flared, black pants, skin-tight shirts with fluorescent stripe across the chests, and entirely too much make-up.

The ping-pong balls used at competitions will be donated by Loyola's Drug and Alcohol Support Services.

In small print on the balls will be reminders for students to "Drink only until the room is spinning" and "Do not fall asleep on your back, no matter how intoxicated you are."

The current Beer Pong club team will remain a part of the school's recreational sports program. However, their home meets will now be held in the Garden Garage, and cups will contain the new, lemony 7-UP.

Yassar Habib Hussein, president of the Yellow Cab Company, said that transportation will be provided to all students, and that the fare will only be \$15 to York Road.

Hussein reminded students that the only-two-people-to-a-cab rule will be in effect as always, not to make fun of the driver's accent, and anyone who attempts to dodge their cab fare will be shot and/or hunted down with the aid of vicious animals.

Admission to all home matches will be free, but use of the facilities along York Road will cost \$5 for per use. Three fake forms of identification will be required for all males in attendance.

Loyola Sports Calendar

Wednesday

Happy Hour

5 p.m. - 9 p.m.
Gators

Thursday

Quarter Drinks

10 p.m. - unconsciousness
President's House

Friday

Funnel Marathon

2 p.m. - 2 a.m.
Curley Field

Saturday

Kegs and Eggs

9 a.m. - 1 p.m.
Sacred Grounds

Sunday

Beer Pong Tournament

11 p.m. - 3 a.m.
The Pit

Monday

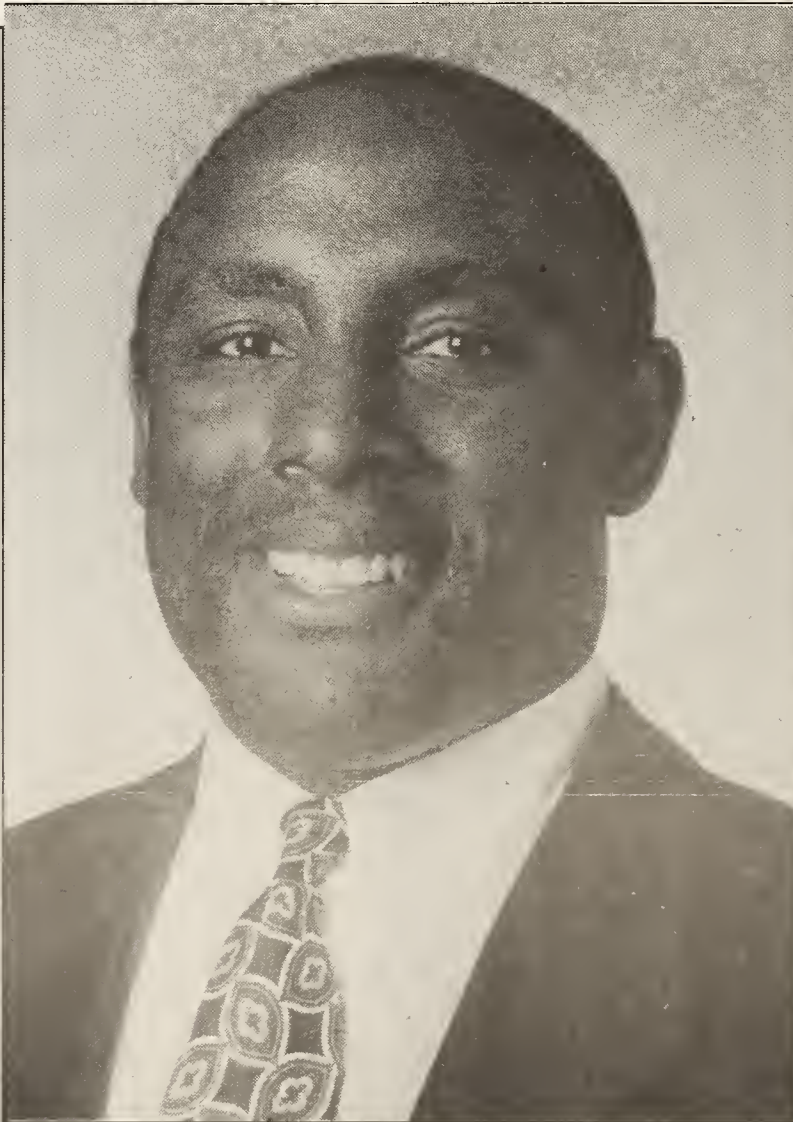
Wet Tee-Shirt Contest

12 p.m.
Gardens Pool

Tuesday

Strip Poker

2 a.m. - nudity
Quad



INSIDE...

Brian Ellerbee selected as coach of Olympics 2000 Dream Team